THE THRILLING STORY OF A DOUBLE LIFE.

A Slave Trader and Pirate Who Was for Years Regarded as Simply a Respectable Sea Captain,

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CHAPTER L

THE TRAGEDY AT THE CROZELS. If a man wished to bury himself in oblivion, while yet retaining many of the enjoyof life, be could not find on earth a spot to suft him better than Nelson, at the head of Bimd Bay, in the Middle Island of New Zenland. Shopy Hollow is the name it goes by, from Its tranquil, sunny, dreamy climate, and the total adifference of its inhabitants to all that is going on in the outside world.

Nelson is divided into two distinct parts, the Town and the Port. The Town consists of two or three old-fashioned, slumbrous streets of hops, merging into rows of pretty houses in ning gardens and orchards, with a background of wooded hills and snowy peaks. The Port is a mile and a half from the Town, and is, If possible, even more picturesque and alumbrous. The colors are so bright, everything is so spick and span, and such perfect stillness reigns, that it always reminds one of a newly sinted drop scene at a theatre. On the cliffs above the quay, overlooking the glittering bay, are a number of charming houses, each enclosed in a little paradise of flowers and fruit, and all embowered in passion vines and honey. suckles and climbing roses, which blossom all

the year round.

The residents of the Town are mostly retired. military men and civilians in easy circum-stances, while the Port is the favorite abode of ses captains and the nautical fraternity generally. To have a snug home of his own at the Port of Nelson is the life's dream of every master mariner in those tempest-tossed waters.

In one of the prettiest houses at the Port

there dwelt, some years ago, a family named Hayes, consisting of father, mother, and two children. Nobody knew exactly where Capt. Hayes came from, but his wife was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in the province, and he made himself so pleasant to all his neighbors that they did not trouble themselves much about his antecedents. He was a big, jolly looking fellow, with rather a foolish face, and he was known everywhere for his good nature. He was always ready to oblige a friend, or even stranger, and his simplicity in money maters was a standing joke at the Port.

Just as nobody knew where he came from, so nobody knew exactly how he got his living. though, in a little place like that, it is every-body's business to find out everybody else's business. He always had plenty of money and he never had any debts, two things which allay impertment curiosity more than anything else. Yet he was not known to be in any employment or to have an interest in any vessel trading to that port. He owned a little yacht, the Lily; but she was a mere pleasure boat, and his excursions in her seldom ex-tended beyond the numerous inlets and small harbors within a couple of days' sail of Nelson, where splendid flahing is to be got. His neighbors remarked, however, that the Captain often went away on long journeys, sometimes he was more sunburnt than is usual in the temperate climate of New Zealand. It was surnised from this that he was in the habit of visiting Australia, a belief which was strengthened by his commonly paying for everything in gold. especially those light colored Sydney soverigns, which were the universal medium of trace among the islands of the Pacific, but were not often seen in New Zealand. His hands were hard and rough, showing that he worked wore hard and rough, showing that he worked at something; and the prevailing theory was that he fad a share in a mine, and took his turn with his partners in working it, not an uncommon practice in those days. Mrs. Hayes never talked about her husband's affairs; but from easual femarks which she made, it was gathered that they drew their income from abroad, though never a shilling was known to come to them through the Post Office or the banks.

Capt Hayes was a very plous man, attending church regularly, and sometimes reading the service when the clerayman was away up in the country. He had a magnificent tenor voice, and was of great assistance in the choir.

In short, the Hayes family were looked upon as one of the most respectable in the place, and the Captain, especially, had a high reputation for benevolence and integrity.

There were two people, nevertheless, who, though they never said anything openly, were known to dissent from the general estimate of

as one of the most respectable in the baset, and the Captain, especially, had a high reputation for benevolence and integrity.

There were two people, nevertheless, who, though they never said anything openly, were known to dissent from the gene al estimate of Hayes's character. One of these was the residest magistrate, John Poynter, an old English lawyer, who, for reasons best known to himself, had settled down with a poorly paid Goverament appointment in that remote corner of the world, and was rather a mystery to his neighbors. The other was Dr. Tweed, a young practitionse who had come to Nelson about the time of Capt. Hayes's marrage, and had always attended him and his family. The Doctor was en friendly terms with Hayes, and was much under his influence, but Mr. Poynter never had anything to do with him beyond giving him a nod when they met in public. It was known that when returning from his journeys. Hayes had several times been confined to his room with serious illness for a long time, no-body being allowed to visit him but the Doctor. On one of these occasions Mrs. Hayes and the children were sent away on the night of his arrival, and were not even allowed to see him for some weeks. It was after this that a change was noticed in the Doctor's manner when the Captain or his virtues were presised.

The Bootor, however, made a rule of never gosspining about his patients, while as for Mr. Poynter, he was such a strange man himself that nobody thought much of his coldness to Hayes. The resident magistrate's official position, moreover, isolated him a good deal from the rest of the little community.

Years had passed on in this war, without anything to ruffle the smooth surface of life at the Port when a catastrophe occurred which woke up Siespy Hollow as it had never been awakened before.

Bome thirty miles from Nelson, on the eastern shore of Blind Bey, there is a miniature harbor, dotted with lovely islets, which D'Urville, the early French navigator, named the Groixelles, universally pronounced Crozels by

out in such a craft in such weather, went down to the landing place and squatted on the sand to see her come in.

The first thing he noticed was that the boat was being salled in a very peculiar way, as if by somebody who knew nothing about salling or about the place. Whoever the yachtsman was, he was carrying a great deal too much sall to beat into such a narrow entrance with salety, and Peri telt sure that he would come to grist if a squall struck him when he lost the abelter of the island at the mouth of the harbor. Suddenly the boat went about to tack peat the island, and Peri then saw that it contained a woman and two children, besides the man who was steering. Knowing they were in great danger, he ran to his cance and hauled it down to the water's edge, to be ready to render assistance. The only chance they had was to let go the sheet and lower the jib before they came out into the open channel, where the tide was running like a sluice and the wind was lashing the troubled waters into foam. But no, they came right on with all salls full. The next moment the boat shot out from the lee of the island, lay over until her mainsall

disped in the water, righted again, cleared the channel and was almost in salety, when, just as a squall came up. the man deliberately stoered her right across the wind and over she west, not a hundred yards from the land.

Feri jumped into his cance and paddled with all his might and main, but the wind and tide were dead against him and the driving spray blinded, him. He was compelled to return, and he had hardly resched the beach when he gaw a sight which riveted him to the snot. The yacht had sunk somear the land that her mast and sall were stickling up above the water. It would have been quite easy for the whole party to get ashore. Yet the man and the woman scemed to be struggling with one another in the water, while the two children were clinging to the rigging.

The half-casts ran round the rocks till he got abreast of the boat, sprang into the water, waded out until he was lifted off his feet and then, swimming on his side, covered the remaining distance with half a dozen strokes.

The woman was nowhere to be seen, and the man had already taken one of the children and started for the shore, swimming very strongly. Peri selized the other child, a boy of five or six, and holding him by the collar of his jacket with his teeth, like a Newfoundland dog, landed him without any difficulty.

It is found the man on the beach weeping and raying aloud and holding the child in his arms. With an exclamation of anger he pulled him by the arm and called him to come with him and try to save the woman, but as the man seemed too stupefied or too frightened to understand him he returned alone.

Diving beside the sunken beat, he saws dark object swaying about in the current, and soon succeeded in bringing it to the surface. It was the woman hale and right, and apparently quite lifeless. The braye half-casts, however, howing that there is often a hope of restoring life actor it seems to have field, lost no time in his arms. Finding his efforts useless, however, Peri went to the man, and assising him firmly by the arm, told

for her. It was evident that she was past all human help.

Peri then proposed that he should go in his cance to the nearest settlement, which by keeping close in shore and taking advantage of the currents, he might have reached in a couple of hours, to send word of the accident into town and obtain assistance.

To his astonishment, the man declined his offen and angrily refused to allow him to go when he insisted. Pert, however, overcome by that superstitious feeling to which all Maoris are liable, and having a strong suspicion of the man, made an opportunity to alip out of the hut, and was soon far away from the Crozels in his little cance.

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When the news reached Nelson inquiries were made and it was learned that Capt. Hayes had left his house the morning before with his wife and children, and had been seen sailing out of the nort in his yacht, the Lily. The harbor master at once designathed a whaleboat with eight men and a supply of blankets and restoratives to the Crozels. They arrived there at daylight on the following day.

Not a soul was to be seen. The yacht was no longer at the spot where the half-casie had described her, and the hut was untenanted.

The conclusion, of course, was that the whole story was a labri-tation of Peri's, and some people even entertained some very unfavorable surmises researding him.

Certain facts, however, came to light which not only cleared the half-casie of all suspicion of foul bey, but save the worthy folks at the Port a good ideged Capt. Hayer's character.

The bouse where he family had lived was found locked up, and the authorities decided not to open it for some days, at all events, on the chance of the Captain returning. On the third or fourth night after the disaster, however, the house whas seen to be on fire. The flames were extincuished before they had got much hold of the building, and then unmistakelie evidences were found that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

Moreover, all Capt. Hayer's valuables and private effects were gine, not a single thing being discovered in the house which could give the alightest clue to his antecedents, his profession, or anything else connected with him.

The police thereupon made further inquiries, and one of the first to whom they applied was Dr. Tweed. The Doctor considering him-elf no longer required by professional etiquett to keep silence, made this astounding statement;

Three times he had been sent for to att in even reporting upon him.

The Hayes family were heard of ne more in Nelson, and the common supposition was that the Lily had gone down at sea with all on board. It had been well for humanity if such had been the case.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTURE OF THE KARL.

For some years after the events just described, the state of affairs in Polynesia was such a scandal to civilization that the attention of the European powers was called to it, with very important results. The Fij islands, one of the finest groups in the Pacific, had become an Aissatis for all the vaspabonds and desperadoes in what has been called the fifth quarter of the globe. Thither resorted every fugitive from justice and every brokes adventurer from all the Eritish colonies or the French ponal settlements, certain to flud there plenty of kindred spirits among the reckless characters who at that time carried on the island trade. Under the pretence of establishing law and order, a number of these worthies had banded themselves together under a native chief named Thakombau, whom they had proclaimed king of Fij, and established what they were pleased to call a Government. The only effect of this was to subject honest traders to extortion under the form of dues and taxes, while enabling the lowest ruffans afloat to evade all national responsibilities by flying the Fijiangfag.

This unique plece of buntley was designed with grim from by a man who, having been dismissed from the royal navy for gross misconduct, and led a disgraceful career, had coily appointed himself Minister of Mirina to the King of Fiji. It consisted of a white band surmounted Thakombau's benign ruie, but her venty it was the symbol for rapacity. The great development of the sugar trade in Queensiand and of the cotton coffee, and copraindustry in many of the islands, near trade in Queensiand and of the cotton coffee, and copraindustry in many of the islands, near trade in Queensiand and of the cotton coffee, and copraindustry in many of the islands, near trade in the same time, given a sudden impulse to the labor traffic, more commonly known as black birding? and in many instances not distinguishable from slavery. The ordinary practice among the more regular traders was to make arrangements with the tribal chiefs in the groups when the ordina

occurred, and that they would gladly assist in bringing the culprits to justice. The only explanation they could give of the antir was that some labor trader, anxious to get hands at all costs and handrade, anxious to get hands at all costs and handrade, and made such tempting offers to the Captain, or perhaps to the crew of the Karl, as had overcome all sorucles, and made them forget both the instructions of their empiopers and the dictates of humanity.

With all their experience of the island trade, they little knew what dangers and surprises they had to contend with.

When the Karl left Apia with a cargo of copra, that is to say, dried cocoanul, for Sydney, her crew consisted of twelve men of all nationalities, three or four Samoan boys as deck hands, the German Captain, and two mates. All, went well for some weeks. The brigantine sailed from group to group on the way to Sydney, picking up anipments of copra at the various trading stations, and was already over nearly half her voyage when she fell in with a small vessel fiving the Fiji flag. She appeared to have been in very bad weather, and as the Karl approached her she hung out a signal of distress. As the sea was not at all rough and the two vessels were close together, the Captain of the Karl sent a boat under the charge of the mate to ask what was the matter. The mate reported that the little vessel had been caught in a hurricane and lost all of her crew except two men and a colored boy, and was in such a bad condition that her Captain feared he must abandon her, unless the Karl would stand by him until he could reach some place of safety.

There was an island at no great distance which afforded excellent shelter for small craft in a little bay within a coral real and the Captain of the Karl men were sent on board the Black Diamond, as the Fijian was called, to relieve the exhausted remnant of her crow and help to repair her standing gear.

The two vessels then held on their way a cable's length or so apart, the Karl going under easy sail for the sake

wheel himself.

The next moment he was astonished to hear the sound of oars in the rowlocks, close along-side the vessel, and before he could ecouptimself or give the alarm below a crowd of men had clambered over the side of the brigantine, and he found himself overpowered and flung down on the dear.

The Captain, hearing the noise, rushed up the companion ladder armed with a revolver, and the second mate, followed by the whole of the crew, came running att with boarding clks and handspikes.

In the medic that ensued the second mate and two of the Karl's men were killed, while the Captain succeeded in disposing of several of the sasulants before the province was knocked out of his hands as he himself was made fast. In a very minutes the Karl was in the hands of the ensury. When daylight broke the Captain succeeded in the province was knocked out of his hands as he himself was made fast. In a very minutes the Karl was in the hands of the ensury. When daylight broke the Captain had the mortification of seeing his ship unnot amilable expression of face, whom he recognized as having seen through his glasses on board the Black Diamand: while some twenty or thirty villainous fellows, armed to the teath, were posted about the vessel.

The Black Diamond was lopping about, apparently under no sort of control, at a little distance on the starboard bow, and the coral island, where she was to have sought a haven, was full in sight a few miles abea!.

"The blg man with the mild countenance introduced himself with great politaness:

"My name is Hayea," he said. "Bully Hayes was acound of terror throughout the Pacilic, and Capt, Mensdorff had beard of it only too often."

He was right. The name of Bully Hayes was acound of terror throughout the Pacilic, and Capt, Mensdorff had beard of it only too often. "He has of the bear of the part of her what has made for that has sour or beary, and you shall have the Black Diamond. To tell the truth, you have as good a right to be rail to the far thing by you, as you were ready to stand

on the Karl, and of concerting measures with him for the detection of the scoundrels who were destroying the island trade!

His next meeting with a naval officer was rather more exciting, but not less triumphant for Bully Hayes. It arose out of this same affair at the New Hebrides, for which the Goddefrois got the blame.

The Rarl, with her well-known white hull and trim rigging, came to an anchor one day off one of the most populous villages in the island of Mallicollo. The nasives had often seen her before and had no occasion to regret her visits, soon swarmed around her in their cances. They were rendered all the more confident by seeing on her deck several men in this black silk coat and soft black feit hat which are commonly worn by the missionaries is those seas. Hayes was always well provided with these disguises, and on this occasion he chose to wear one bimself and to play the rôle of a new Bishop coming to establish a mission station on the island. Meanwhile his mate, who was acting as Captain, appealed to the cupidity of the natives by offering to buy all the produce and curiosities they could get together at a price which seemed fabulous to them.

He had no inducement to be economical, as he was never going to pay. The next day but one was fixed for a great gathering in the village, both to meet the missionaries and for purposes of trade, the "blahop" especially requesting that all the young men and women in their own language.

At the appointed hour the largest building in the village, an immense shed built of light timbers and the leaves of the cocoanut, was crowded with the very flower of the population, only the old people and the children being left in the neighboring settlements, or the other houses of the village. The produce which had been brought for sale had aiready been taken on board the brigantine, and bayment for it was to have been made at the meeting.

Bully Hayes's money, however, was on a par with his roligion. The first thing the unhappy natives know, a volley of builets and slugs

hatches, and the hard was away before the terrified natives could gather in sufficient numbers to surround her in their cances with bows and arrows.

When the news of this atrocious deed reached the Commodore, he commissioned a young officer named Freemantic, who had already distinguished himself by his activity against the slavers, to take the swiftest cowarts on the station and go in pursuit of the Karl, which, it was surmised, would make for some port on the coast of Queensland, where alone so large a number of laborers could safely be disposed of. Capt. Freemantle accordingly kept a course which he calculated would bring him on the track of the brigantine somewhere among the islands of the Arafura Sea, feeling casy about overtaking her by his steam power, if once he could ascertain which way she had gone.

Sure enough before he had been out ten days he got news of just such a vessel having touched at one of the islands and taken in provisions and water for a large number of people; and from what he could learn hhe was as full as she could hold of labor, having probably made other raids since leaving the New Hebrides. Highly elated at the prospect of making such a prize, the gallant officer put on every bound of steam and every stitch of canvas and drove the Bosario as she had never been driven before, taking a course among those channels which he knew was the only one a vessel of the Karl's tonnage could take.

On the evening of the third day of the chase, when among the islands off the coust of New Guines approaching Torree Straits, he came in sight of a craftestiling to the northwest with everything she could carry. As he overhauled her he saw she was a brigantine with a white hull, drying the German flag, and sunk very deep in the water. She could be no other than the Rarl and the commander of the Rosario leit his Capitan's commission in his pocket.

beldly sizering close to the edge of the reef, where the Resarie, with her iron plates and her heavy draught, did not dare to go. Capt. Freemantle tried the effect of a shot from the Armstrong pivot gun which served for a how chaser; but the only response the Larl made to that was to dip her German ensign three times in derision. When night came on the brigantine vanished among the islands, where the corvette could not follow her in the dark. Capt. Freemantle, however, thought nothing of that, being certain of picking her up a few hours after daylight next morning.

When dawn came the lossario was still in the channel between the islands, and it was impossible for any vessel to pass her without being seen, or to escape her as she steamed ahead. She no sconer cleared the group of islands among which the Karl had been lost slight of the night before than she descried a vessel standing to the eastward, crossing the course previously taken by the Rarl.

Capt. Freemantle, thinking the enemy had doubled on aim, in the hope of leading bim astray among the perilous reefs which abound in those waters, cautiously changed his course to cut him off, studying the chart closely and keeping the lead line constantly going. The way seemed clear enough, and the Bosario was soon under a ruil head of steam once more. By ten o'clock she was near enough to the sailing vessel to see that she was a brigantine of much the same size and build as the Karl, but painted black and flying the detested black and white rag of the kingdom of Fiji.

These were tricks which severy naval officer was quite prepared for, and Capt. Freemantie bors down on the brigantine as hard as he could go, convinced that her living freight would prove her to be the Karl. He was rather surprised, however, to see that she made no effort to get away, but kept on an easierly course, as if she were sailing from some North Queensland poor to the islands of the Paoine.

He signalled to her to hreve to, and she hove to immediately, at the same time saiuting the British f

men to open the hatches of the main hold. The Captain of the Annie Woods made not theleast objection, and for a very good reason. The hold contained nothing but barrels of water and a quantity of bananas and pineapples. The bulkheads were newly whitewashed and the deck scrubbed down, and there was not a sign throughout the ship of her having carried labor for months.

What was a naval officer, bound by rules and regulations and the decksions of vice-admirality courts, to do? The law said that slavers were only liable to be seized on the high seas when notually found with unlicensed labor on board. Here there was not a trace of a laborer, licensed or unlicensed. If Capt, Freemantie seize the brigantine and was unable to prove anything against her, be would be liable to heavy damages and would certainly be roprimanded by the Commodore for excess of zeal.

Most reluctantly, but most politely, he handed the ship's papers back to the Captain of the Annie Woods, together with a certificate from himself of having boarded her and found her all in order. The Rosario steamed her way, and the Annie Woods sailed hers.

When the Commodore received Capt, Freemantie, report in his own stateroom on board the challenger, at Sydney, he asked him what he thought of the affair.

"I am as certain as that I'm sitting here, sir," replied Freemantie, "that the Annie Woods was the Karl, painted black in the night."

"How about the hundred and fifty laborers?"

"That sanguinary scoundrel consigned every one of them to the sharks between the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him in the evening and the time when I lost him

The mate noded and went on eating his tinued beef and pickles, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, then, that's all right," the Captain resumed. "What I suggest is that when you've done your dinner we should just step ashore with our buildogs and see who's the best man of the two. Don't you hurry, it's early yet. There's eight boils going now. You try some of that nudding. You'll find it very good. I'll so and bring her to an anchor, and then we'll get out our shooting irons and go and settle this matter sn.gly and comfortably like gentlemen."

The mate saw nothing for it but to comply, and, indeed he was not sorry to see an end to his suspense, for he knew there must be a death struggle sooner or later.

As soon as the schooner was moored the Captain and mate went ashore, with two other men to see fair play, the rest of the crew going aloft to get a butter view of the proceedings. The spot chosen was a smooth terrace just above the beach. The distance was twenty paces, the combatants being placed back to back with an agreement to walk ten paces straight ahead and then turn round and fire. The moment they turned Magee fired: but Hayes stood still with his revolver in his hand at his side, looking caimly at his opponent. The male, seeing that he had missed, and surprised at Hayes's seeming hesitation, lowered his weapon and called out, "What's the matter?" Hayes, having thus gained time to take a deliberate aim, raised his revolver like a flash of lightning and sent a builet into Magee's breast. Magee at once returned the short, and hayes. throwing up his hands with a shout, turned half round and fell headiong on the grass. He was perfectly dend when the men got up to him, the builet having struck him in the throat and severed the jugular vein.

They buried him where he fell, and raised a caira of stones to his memory.

Magee's wound was not dangerous, the bullet having run slong the breast bone and come out at the side. He sailed the Belle Etoile back to Fiji under her old name, and restored her to her owne

CHAPTER III.

FULLY HAYES'S LAST CRUISE.

FULLY HATES'S LAST CRUISE.

A time came when the excesses of Bully Hayes, and other desperadoes encouraged by his example and impunity, reached the limit of endurance of the European powers interested in the Pachic. The Goddefrois had failed, with liabilities amounting to more than five millions of dollars, mainly through the state of insecurity caused by these viliains; and their trading stations had failed into the hands of all sorts of unsoroundous adventurers. The most beautiful and delightful portion of the globe, in short, had bocome a veritable bandemonium.

Half measures having utterly failed, the British at length took the bold step of annexing the Fiji Islands, expelling the impudent impostors whe called themselves the government pensioning the King and appointing an officer of great ability as Governo, with the additional title and almost unlimited authority of High Commissioner of the Western Pacific.

In order to meet the slavers and pirates on their own grounds, or rather, in their own waters, a number of small steam cruisers and swift-sailing schooners were built in the navy yards at Sydney and litted out under the command or young officers who bad already seen service among the islands. The exceedingly elastic terms and boundaries of the High Commissioner's jurisdiction, gave these officers power to deal with suspicious vessels in any way they thought best, and the sea rovers soon found the elimate of the Pacific becoming unpleasantly warm. Not a few of them got long sentences of imprisonment in the terrible

pleasantly warm. You slow of these sevense sentences of imprisonment in the terrible stockades of New South Wales, while others, against whom no indictate, while others, against whom were clearly proved to have stained their bands with blood, were hanged.

Buily Haves met with his usual luck during these trying times. He was three times captured, invariably through tree streams difficulty in obtaining any sort of racutable evidence against him, partly through the extreme difficulty in obtaining any sort of racutable evidence against him, partly through the extreme difficulty in obtaining any sort of racutable evidence of himself, and bardy from the stream of the stream of the control of the third occasion, when things looked uncommonly bad szainst him and everybody thought the game was un, he mysteriously escaped from custody, and remained in hiding until the affair had blown over.

After that things settled down rapidly in the Pacific, and Bully Hayes, cleverly adapting himself to the new regime, became quite a respectable trader, and was even of great assistance to the authorities in detecting and following up the slavers. His fine appearance and miller manners broops and even the awai and content of the capture of the subject of

WESTON'S ASPIRING RIFAL. There is a Man in the Custom House Anx-

tons to Bent the Ex-Champion Walker, For a number of days now there have been perceptible vibrations in the soggy atmosphere of the Custom House. The undulations were first observed in Collector Erhardt's outer office, occupied by his stenographers and mes-sengers. The stenographers' click off from well-oiled machines the Collector's official letters, and the messengers are there to show in statesmen in search of anything that's loose in the way of natronage. It is one of the very interesting spots in the grim and gloomy building, and any disturbance in the atmospheric pressure of that chamber travels by alternating and continuous currents to all the de-partments, set in like catacombs on all four floors of the antiquated and uncomfortable structure. But it was not until late in the week that the agitation became so pronounced as to attract the attention of the Collector and his special deputy, Mr. McClelland, and the private secretary, Mr. Hunt, and others. After that it made acknowledged progress until Sur-veyor Lyon knew of the trouble, and by yesterday all the deputy collectors and the chief clerks and the retinue of supordinates were fully sensible of the burning question of the hour. It is one that breathes of sanguine ambition mingled with the grosser sensibility of

Talands and other equatorial groups, carried out a series of depredations on the pative viseses and trading stations there, which quite recelled the bad old days. The Bells Etoile of Tabiti became a name of terror throughout that portion of the torrid gone, and the plunder she obtained, together with the price of the ill-fated laborers she carried off, must have amounted to a very large sum.

Heturning southward, Harses and Magne, emboddened by their success, and becoming reckless in their engersess to amass a fortune speedily, had the audacity to satack a large sailing ship which they took to be an Australian liner, and from which they hoped to obtain a great prize in gold. Adopting his old device, which had answered so well with the Karl, Hayes partially dismantled his vessel, and hung out a signal of distress. Following out the same tactics as before, he contrived to get close to the ship as night was falling, with the intention of leiting the sobooner bear down upon her in the darkness and then, in the conjusion of the collision, boarding her from his boats and overpowering her crew.

All went well up to the point of the attack, but there Hayes found that he had made a terrible mistake. The ship was not an Australian liner, but a China trader, well manned and armed, and thoroughly prepared for meeting all comers. Her lascar crew fought like tigers, and Hayes and his men thought themsolves lucky to get back into their boats and regain the schooner, leaving fully one-fourth of their number dead or wounded on the deck of the other ship. Hayes himself received a severe thrust from a pite, and this together with mortification at his failure, and trouble of mind about his love affair, made him moross and quarreisome, and addictedete drink?

The mate took care never to sleep without his revolvers ready and a man whom he could trust on the watch to give him the alarm at any moment. Hayes, however, showed no disposition to take advantage of him on board the schooner, and hey came to a statit agreement to have nothin animadversion. Mr. Edward Payson Weston, the journalist and famous as the father of long-distance walking matches, is the undisputed through unconscious cause of the disquiet. Mr. Stephen Smith, familiarly known as Dandy Steve the Statesman, is the objective principal in the racket. Mr. Smith is now one of Collecter Erhardt's messengers. He has been close to the coat tails of Republican statesmen for many years. His chief claim to distinction under the Harrison Administration is that ne was the first Republican to get a place in the New York Custom House. By some of Mr. Smith's friends, and he himself does not dispute it, the assertion is made that Dandy Steve was responsible for the temporary success of ex-Gov. Cornell in politics. It could not well be otherwise, these friends of Mr. Smith say, and when Mr. Smith was the frigid Governor's messenger in the Executive Mansion at Albany. He said who should see the Governor and who should not, and in this way, it is claimed that Mr. Smith was a vital force in contributing to the Governor's administration.

That was in the days when Edward Payson Weston and the satellites who surrounded and followed him were receiving the applause of followed him were receiving the apprause of two continents for their achievements. Mr. Smith was by no means an insensible auditor, and old cronles of his at Albany say that when not keeping his eye on Gov. Cornell and the Gubernatorial Administration of the Lizard on the Hill. Mr. Smith was to be seen practising after the fashion of Weston and the other walking luminaries. Between sessions there were plenty of opportunities for this, and Mr. Smith eagerly grassed them all. By persistency he gradually came to have what is known as the old-time "hose-carriage walk." Briefly, this consists of the elecation of one of the shoulders as each step is taken. If the right leg and foot are put out for a stride the right shoulder is proportionately elevated, and so with the left leg and foot and shoulder, Grest care, though, must be exercised as to how the foot touches the tan bark or pavement. The flat of the heel must come down in a jerky sort of fashion, followed by a complete spread of the bottom of the foot touched off by a spring which makes the observer think the walker is about to start a Virginia reel on his toes. To appreciate properly the nicety and the minute details of the step as Mr. Smith conceived it to be, a diagram of it is herewith given: two continents for their achievements. Mr.

(B C D

Strict attention to this diagram will disclose the interesting fact, as shown in the lines marked A and B, that the flat of the heel approaches the base, as represented by C, in sections. It does not come down like a triphammer. It approaches the earth in a sort of curve. The letter D simply represents the natural curve of leather used by shoemakers even in the shoes of a professional walker. It is not so marked in some professionals shoes, but as yet Mr. Smith has discovered no scientific objections to it worthy of his consideration. The letter E represents the flat of the foot. This must come down squarely, like the old-time paddles used in Sing sing to correct obstreperous guests of the institution. The letter F represents the finishing touch of the step. It must not be ignored. It is the spring, the propeiling force that gives Mr. Smith the opportunity to start in full of vigor, as portrayed in letter A. The alternate elevation of the shoulders must on no account be omitted, and this must be done after the manner of working the side brake on the old-time fire engine. It is down! and up! and up! and down! in a quick and snappy fashion. Before Mr. Smith left Albany he had the step to perfection.

All this was secret history to Mr. Weston when he called at the Custom House the other day. He hadn't been in the gloomy old pile in years, and he was an utter stranger. He came into the Collector's outer office with his chipper ways and brisk step a verifiable walking poem, and in the absence of Chief Messenger Hall was greeted by Mr. Smith. Mr. Weston wanted to see the Collector.

"Did you ever try the power of magnet-ism as expressed through the eye?" asked a friend of mine at the theatre recently. "It's interesting. I've been developing the faculty of late, and have great fun out of it. Last week as I sat over there on the side of the par-quet circle. I saw saveral rows of chairs shead of late, and have great fun out of it. Last week as I sat over there on the side of the parquet circle. I saw several rows of chairs ahead of me a young lady of my acquaintance. She was sitting so that she would have to turn clear around to look at me, and I thought it a good chance to test my power. I called the attention of my companion to her, and said: Now watch ms make her look around. Then I concentrated my gaze on the back of her bonnet and my mind on the idea of controlling her action. By and by she began to look around the house rather n-rously, glancing everywhere, and then she turned clear around and looked straight fifte my eyes. I met her afterward and told her about it, and she told me that she didn't know what caused her to do so unusual a thing, but she folt impelled to, and had done it before she thought.

"I've tried it lots of other times. I was at a musicable the other evening, and during one or two painful numbers picked out acquaintances around the house and made them look at me. Each time the person I had settled on would grow fldgsty and his eyes would roam about the audience—sometimes up at the ceiling and then at the floor—but invariably at last they would look straight into mine. It's psychic communication—the rower of one mind over another—and is called a lot of different things by different people. Now there's an acquaintance down there—that man slouched down in his seat with gray hair and a baid spot; see me make him look around.

My friend knitted his brows and looked at the baid spot intently for five minutes without making it wince. Then he from me an usher went down and awakened the man wisher went down and awakened the man wisher went down and awakened the man with the baid spot, He had been asleep.

Almost as Good a Man as Her Brothers.

From the Struman Area.

back to Figi under her old name, and restored her to her owners, paying them handsomely for the use of her; and, in consideration of his having rid the Pacific of a scourge and his promise to lead a new life, the authorities consented to overlook his offences.

He married the widow and did well in trade, and many a time, when in a mood for reminiscences, he told the tale of Bully Hayes's last cruise, with judicious selections from the adventures of the pirate of the Pacific.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD,

Bald Spot on a Snoozer's Head. From the Chicago Mail.

Almost as Good a Man as Her Brothers.

From the Samanach Necc.

There is living at a point on East Bay, near Pensacola, a remarkable family of four boys and one young woman. The boys consider their sister to be one of themselves, she being in nearly every respect as handy as a boy should be, and sharing the labors of her brothers. They can draw the lines of a ship, hew the timbers, build and launch her, and then sail her around the world. The schooner Axel, a fine little vessel which they have built, is at present somewhere on the guilf under command of Capt. G. one of the brothers, who is a most expert navigator.

The other brothers and sister are now engaged in building another and a larger vessel, which is well under way, and which when completed and launched, will be one of the stanchest crafts sailing the Mexic Sea. The drughtsman who furnished the lines upon which she is being constructed is one of the brothers, the carpenters who are building her are the draughtsman and his brothers and sister, and the master who will sail her will be one of the family for the crew. For miles and miles in all directions from their home the boys have scoured the forests looking for natural crooks to be used as timbers, a great many of which they have found and used as such. The work has so far progressed that the stem will be put in in a few days, when planking will be in order. The vessel will be fashloned after the most nine leads of the progressed that the stem will be put in in a few days, when planking will be in order. The vessel will be fashloned after the most nines and she will neasure, when finished, 80 feet over all, haves a beam of 24 feet, and has now a keel 71 feet in length. She will be rigged as a schooner.

Beath of the White Chief of the Stoux.

Press the Omaka Warth-Herald.

COLUMBUS, Neb., Dec. 14.—Geo. W. Clother, one of the old Nebraska scouts died in this city at 5:30 last evening. Mr. Clother is one of the best known men in the State. He crossed the Missouri River in 1859. In the spring of 1868 he and his father ersected the Clother House, which they ran logother until his failer's death in 1886, the management of which he continued until he sold it last spring. Besides his hotel business, Mr. Clother carried on an extensive traffic in furs, trading with the Indians. He could speak their language and was a great favorite with the rad men, who called him "Buckscuddy," the interpretation of which is curly head. A number of the Omaha indians are in the city to attend the funeral, and more are expected to-morrow. A number of the red men could be seen standing around the hotel crying yesterday, so great was their love for Clother.

was greeted by Mr. Smith. 21. Weston wanted to see the Collector.

"What name "sontentiously asks Mr. Smith. Weston," as briefly replied the ex-champion of the world, and then, apparently wishing to do the world, and then, apparently wishing to do the world, and then, apparently wishing to go the washington Memorial Arch. He saked Collector Weston Memorial Arch. He saked Collector Erhardt to allow him to go through the departments and gather subscriptions from the patriotic servants of the Government. This is an unusual privilege, but the Collector directed Mr. McClelland to grant it and Mr. Weston departed rejoicing. But while he was discussing the matter with the Collector and Mr. McClelland something like a tragedy was good to be subscripted to the visitor was. "That's Weston, Steve, the famous walker, sure," was flung at him by the stemographers and others. Weston, the man whose reputation had stimulated Mr. Smith to u. told misory in getting the famous step, had been square before his eyes. He had just ushered him in to greet the Grand Mogul of the Port. He was amazed at first, then somewhat dazed, but by one of those strange and phenomonal changes which even the most famous psychical experts can scarcely explain abrupt change. From belien the student and imitator of Weston he promptly and angressively threw down the idol. He demolished the shrine in a jiffy, and in the next instant the proselyte had assended a new throne. He. Stephen Smith, was now the famous walker of the day, and Edward Payson Weston hust take a back seal. The only consideration that Mr. Smith would extend to the absent Weston was take a back seal. The only consideration that Mr. Smith with extend to the absent Weston was that he might give him to job as his proples to ordinate and mould arrange. It mattered not to Mr. Smith with the contest was to last one day of the Collector's office opened and weston, aming and nouding and bowing to the stone and nous may be supplied to a consideration and a fire of the contest was to last one day t

NEW YORK GOOD AND READY

ONLY WAITING FOR CONGRESS TO HAND US OVER THE FAIR.

No Other City Han Made Such a Start in the Work which So Little Time Remains to Finish-What Has Been Done.

So far as the people of New York can do anything before Congress acts about the International Exposition they have done it. In com-parison with the preliminary work to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876 the preliminary work to the Exposition of 1892 has been done with great celerity and on a much larger scale. In comparison with what the people of Philadelphia did in 1876, the people of New York have already done more than could be asked of them. and they have done it thoroughly. If New York does not get the Ex-

Here is what has been done so far by New York. New York has contributed a guarantee fund of \$5,250,000; the municipality of New York stands ready to do whatever the people of New York wish to have done; the Committee on Site and Buildings has prepared a definite outline of the site; it has secured the consent of almost all the owners; it has got a location not surpassed in the world; it is ready to go right along and arrange for the plans, the architects, the engineers, and the contractors; the Committee on Permanent Organization is at work for a plan of the organization of the Exposition, but it cannot act until Congress authorizes the holding of the Exposition in New York. Neither can the Committee on Site and Buildings go further until Congress authorizes the holding of the Exposition in New York, for it would be folly for the Committee to advertise for plane and to incur expense of tens of thousands of dollars when Congress may refuse to permit New York to hold an Exposition international in its character.

With all the talk about the hustling and the pushing and the enthusiasm of Chicago, Wash-ton, and St. Louis, New York has done its work more thoroughly and more quickly. The Chicago Guarantee fund has dwindled down to

chicago Guarantee iund mas dwinnies down to a little over \$2.000.000 or nuble subscriptions much less in projection to the population of the subscription of the desire of the subscription of the Guarantee Fund. Washington has to date mired even to the Guarantee Fund. Washington has not attempted even to the Sudantee Fund. Washington has not easy the Guarantee Fund. Washington has not easy the continued and the subscription of the subscription

A Hunter Shot at for a Seal.

From the Partland Argus.

One day last week Chas. Wolf of Bath was down the Kennebec in his float after ducks or shelidrake, and, having spied one of the latter binds in the water near Lee's I-land started for a shot. He had sculled almost within shot, and was anticipating securing the same when ring! came a rifle builet and struck the lee cakes on the low of the float, the lees being used to deceive the birds. Had hir, Wolf had a commanion with him in the two the builet would have struck his gun barrel as it lay over the front of the float. The hunter was somewhat disturbed by the shot, which he presumed was, of course, ascidental, but continued sculling toward the shelldrake. In a minute ping! came a second shot, this time directly over his head, and woil, glancing in the directly over his shoot, discovered a man with a rifle on the libits built his short. The rifleman was shooting purposely at the float.

Insuediately Wolf shood up in his beat and waved his hand at the shooter, at the same time, of course, frightening the shelldrake and losing the bird. The man on shore, who halls from Farker's Head, was visiting friends in Phipsburg, and had brought his rifle along with which to shoot seals. Seeing Wolf's float, which, covered with ice, looked like an ice floe, and noticing Wolf bying on the stern, he inferred that the sportsman was a seal taking a sail on the lee, and so blare! way. When, however Wolf stood up the rifleman discovered